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# The War Story where Nobody Dies



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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I'm sick and tired of you guys killing off perfectly good characters and people that have so much room to grow. So here I am, challenging you all to make a War Story where NOBODY dies! (Of course, people will be dying in the war. But nobody in this story will die.)

The artillery shells raining down around me were terrifying. The earth shattering booms around shook the ground beneath my feet. God, why was I even here? I hadn't even wanted to join the war.

When the ringing from the explosions faded, screams replaced it.

## Chapter 2 by Lex



The horrible screams drowned me. I looked everywhere but couldn't see anything with all the debris still floating around, the dirt hadn't even begun to settle at my feet. I tried to make my way forwards to the bunker ahead of me, when i saw men dead all across the ground, i couldn't even tell if they were friendly or enemies anymore i just know that the sight made me sick to my

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I cursed inwardly and pressed myself flat against the side of the door. Each bomb that came crashing down from the heavens raised a cloud of dirt that settled deep into the grooves of my armour, on my helmet, blanketed my face and left me choking for air. I pounded my fist against the door with all my strength, but against the backdrop of thunderous explosions drowning out all my senses, I could have been just another wave of rock rattling the steel for all I cared. I felt the wound on my arm open from the stress of hammering on the door and start to bleed anew through the tourniquet. Just my luck. No one was home and I was going to die from blood loss, possibly.

When the rhythmic pulse of bombs gradually, finally subsided, I wrenched open the door handle and hauled myself into the room.

Slamming the door shut, I allowed myself a few moments to take stock of the situation. With the adrenaline melting from my system, peculiar aches and pains were starting to demand my attention. The slice in my shoulder -from a grenade shrapnel- was a dull throb now, ebbing for a moment only to come back in greater force. The front of my chest armour was a mess; a collage of bullet holes, fragmented rocks, bits of metal, just a mini-war zone. In the middle, right over my sternum, a particularly nasty bit of shrapnel had cut down all the way to my skin, just grazing the vulnerable softness.

I leaned over to my right and spat out a mixture of blood, dirt and grime. The taste was thick on my tongue and I felt bile rising in my throat again. Unfortunately, the last ration of water had been left behind -along with all other supplies, in fact- with my camp when the enemy had struck.

I moved to rise to my feet but was halted abruptly when a sudden burst of pain razed through my right leg. I let out a yelp of pain and went crashing spectacularly to the ground, jostling all my other injuries; a mistake I would not make again. I gritted my teeth and through tears in my eye, I looked down at my leg only to be met with a bloody mess of cloth, muscle, and in a tiny area, bone.

I turned away and finally allowed myself to vomit the contents of my stomach on the dusty ground.

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I can't take it any longer.

I jumped out, running straight towards enemy territory, guns blazing. And of course, I died.

I woke up in a military truck when I remembered my mission.

### **flashback**

Lieutenant: "Remember, our mission is to rescue our top-secret scientist who is working on a steroid to increase our muscle captivity!"

Some nooby guy with an ak: "But sir, other scientist have found out a how to wipe a certain gene to make us grow more muscles uncontrollably!"

L: "No, I like steroids. Where do you think all these muscles come from, "

### **shows biceps**

SNGWAAK: "But, sir..."

### **got knocked out by a can of steroids by L**

L: **panting from throwing a can of steroids notice everyone was watching** oh, um, any questions? No? Good. Go on without him! I'll stay here to use more steroi, I mean, work on a top-secret military strategy that the army don't need to know!

L: **nervous looks** um, bye.

### **out of flashback**

Oh yeah. I can't kill anyone, that's the reason I got a tranq gun instead of my favourite Machine-X-Gun 20182929282 which has never been tested and will probabaly explode...

Of course Dum-Dum! I obviously saw dead bodies so it must be a dream!

cough cough cough cough See more of Story Wars

I hope I totally did not...

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